

FD Flash Forward

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FD Flash Forward

by [HaroThar](#)

Summary

A few years down the road, Ranboo's settled comfortably into his life and identity. As an adult, he's more secure with himself, and after years of experience post-emancipation, he's got a pretty good handle on how to do the person-thing.

Or

A collection of ficlets regarding Ranboo's future life in From Darkness. In theory they'd be enjoyable as a standalone but you should probably read the actual main fic first.

Notes

Hello! I am still here. These aren't really going to have "plot" to them as much as "I wanted to write a little blurb here and there" and I'm sharing it with y'all.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Ranboo bent and kissed Tubbo on the cheek at the portal. Tubbo often walked him home (“walk” being a turn of phrase, the two of them taking Sam’s railway system ever since it became useable a few years back), but it made no real sense for Tubbo to cross the icy snowscape with him, only to pop right back into the Nether after. Too much temperature fluctuation.

“See you in two months, big man?”

“Uh, Fundy’s birthday is actually coming up, so probably just a few weeks.”

“Oh right! Right, I think you mentioned that.” Haha, “fink,” Tubbo always pronounced his “th”s so fun. “Alright, well, I’ll see you then.”

“See you then!” Ranboo waved, then started piling on his coat and scarf. Ugh, it was a miserable deed in the Nether, but he knew he’d appreciate it when he stepped through the portal.

Passing through the portal had nearly no effect on him, nowadays, his body acclimated to the magic’s dizzying nature. He stepped out the other side and shook himself, more bothered by the stark temperature change than anything. His boots paff-paff-paffed through the familiar snow as he jogged along. Hm, the last thaw and refreeze had enlarged some of the already-large pitfalls on the path home. He took out his daily journal and jotted it down; ideally he’d get those patched in with some nearby dirt well before he ever had to put the task in Don’t Read.

Oh, but there was Technoblade! His crown glinted gold in the midday sun. Ranboo grinned to himself, feeling cheeky, and made his footsteps light and quiet, slinking around. It didn’t seem that Techno had spotted him. He darted through the trees, silent, quick, and rounded closer closer to his mentor, checking his ears, his stance, any indication that Techno had been alerted to his presence, while also trying to find the best angle to spring from.

His tail twitched behind him, eager and a little jittery, and he launched himself from the scrub, aiming to take Techno down with a tackle to his midsection.

Unsurprisingly enough, Ranboo found himself caught, flipped, and dunked into the snow with a loud poff, his tail flipping out behind him and Techno laughing triumphantly.

“Oh come *on!*” Ranboo protested, rolling onto his elbows and hopping up, body loose and ready to tuck and roll if needed, “You can’t have heard me that time!”

“And yet,” Techno mocked playfully, lunging forward and nearly getting Ranboo about the waist again.

“Your ears weren’t even tracking me!”

“And *yet!*”

Ranboo eeped as he was caught and flung again, then laid there, starfished out, in the snow with a heaving sigh, displacing one of his bangs. Techno laughed at him from above, and then Ranboo found himself with a face full of dog breath and wet tongue.

“Ah! Pfft, Max! Hello, hello to you too,” he greeted as he shoved the wolfdog off and pet roughly at the fur at his neck, Max awo-wooning happily and chuffing, then play-bowing with a wagging tail. Ranboo kissed him between his little doggy ears and searched his inventory for a stick. Even though he was getting pretty up there, Max still did love a good game of fetch.

“How was therapy?” Techno asked mildly, watching his dog barrel off through the snow.

“Fine. She gave me a new book recommendation.”

“Pog. And how are tweedle-dee and dumber?”

Ranboo snorted. “Also fine. Tubbo showed me around his new house now that he’d finished all unpacking. Tommy’s house is still dirt so Tubbo has a floor in the basement for him to live in.” He wrestled the stick out of Max’s grip.

Techno nodded like Ranboo had just imparted some grand wisdom. “Like a raccoon.”

Ranboo snort-laughed and threw the stick again. “Yeah, I mean, I guess, haha. He’s got those grabby hands.”

“His hands only know how to be grabby,” Techno said, his voice a soft warble with pretend-distress. “So much theft. My things, Ranboo, my things.”

“Sorry, sorry, it’s not like I bring him around on purpose.”

Techno snorted.

“Where’s Phil at?”

“Trading. We’re low on Pearls, and I wanted more nutmeg.”

“Oh, is he picking up cloves, too?” Ranboo asked. He had these spice cookies he’d been meaning to try out.

“Aaaaayup. Should be.”

“Sweet.” He threw the stick one more time. “Okay, I’m gonna head inside, I am very cold.”

“Go warm up,” Techno agreed, and Ranboo darted inside, blowing on his cold hands as they came out of his gloves.

“Hi Blitz!” he chimed, sitting down on his haunches to pet at the little arctic fox. Blitz yipped at him, pressing up into his hand, and Ranboo giggled. “Aw, were you good while I was gone? Huh? Are you a good Fierce Little Warrior?” Ranboo ruffled his fur and climbed up the ladder to the main floor, hanging up his coat near the door.

“Hi Steve, hi Ranbird, hi Ranbirb, hi Twitch,” he listed off, Steve lifting his head from his paws and chuffing as he laid back down.

“Awww, are you sleepy?” Ranboo asked, crouching next to him (and the fireplace) and patting his head. He then used Steve as a backrest and held out his arm for his birds to land on. He gave them little kissies, and Twitch, who liked to be included, and then regarded Steve again. The massive bear was not a particularly active animal on a good day, preferring to laze about and only really act with intent when his emotional support training needed put to use.

“Oh, did Techno refresh the beast taming enchantments recently?” Ranboo asked, passing his fingers through Steve’s fur. Steve did not react to his words, and Ranboo nodded to himself. He always got a lil lethargic whenever Techno reapplied those.

He told his birds about his trip to the Central Kingdom, lots of little nothings that people likely wouldn’t find particularly interesting, but his birds mostly just liked to be talked to.

“Oh, welcome home Ranboo.”

“Hello!” he greeted, lifting the birds back to their perch as Phil stomped the snow off his boots. Ranboo trotted over and bonked his head down against Philza’s, Phil letting out a little happy chuckle.

“Hey mate. How was the trip?”

“Good. Tubbo’s new house looks very nice now that it’s all decorated.”

“That’s nice. You got a room over there?”

Ranboo shook his head. “No, but Tommy has a floor in the basement.”

Phil hummed. “Well, Tubbo’s always welcome to build a room off yours if he wants to.”

Ranboo wasn’t sure what to make of Phil’s gentle yet persistent questioning about Tubbo and Ranboo’s living arrangements. There was a time where Ranboo might have worried that this was a subtle implication that Phil wanted him to move out, but he knew that that couldn’t be the case.

“I know,” he said, not sure... how to phrase the question, if he were to ask why Phil kept bringing it up. He wasn’t exactly anxious about it, so he could wait until he better knew how to say it.

“Oh, now that you’re back, would you go check on your sheep? I think Lamboo is acting a little off, though I don’t know if that’s cause she’s finally pregnant or if something’s up or if I’m just imagining things.”

“Okay. Is Ramboo acting weird at all?”

“Not that I could tell.”

Ranboo nodded. Hoof rot was contagious, so probably not that, if Ramboo was fine. Probably not any contagious disease if Ramboo was fine.

“I’ll go take a look at her now. Thanks. Oh, did you pick up cloves while you were out?”

“Yeah, I also got a shitton of nutmeg. I also grabbed cinnamon since I was out.”

“Sweet! Is it alright if I take over the kitchen tonight?”

“Sure, I’ve got no big plans.”

“Thanks,” Ranboo said as he resecured his scarf, then headed out the door. It wasn’t as bad, this time, since he was coming out of their cozy cabin and not the sweltering Nether. The paddock had been expanded outward, as had their fenceline, and a number of cows grazed alongside two sheep. Ranboo pat the haunch of Ranmoo as he passed, navigating her offspring, and located Lamboo amongst them.

“Hey girl, you acting weird lately?” he asked her, receiving a loud “baaaa!” in response. He checked over her eyes, mouth, ears, and hooves, then lifted her tail and checked for signs of—sure enough—swelling.

“Yeah, you’re probably pregnant. Did Ramboo finally get you all taken care of?” He gave her thick wool a little tousle, making her baa at him again. He found Ranmoo once more, gave her a little attention, and headed back inside.

In his own room, which now had his dirt blocks hung on the walls like art pieces (as well as some mob heads that Techno Did Not want hanging in the main cabin) Ranboo sunk into his oversized chair and beckoned one of the cats to come sit on his lap. Jjjjjjeffery obliged, hopping up and sniffing at him before flopping down into a little donut for pets.

Ranboo still didn’t really shut the door—no reason to—but his room now had an assortment of furniture: the chair, an ornate side table Techno had made for him once, a collection of maps, some bookshelves, some pretty lanterns with colored glass, two wide double chests, and a wither rose encased in glass so none of his naughty cats tried to eat the toxic thing.

Later that evening he’d make a right mess of flour on a good half or more of the kitchen counter, making spice cookies and telling his family the details about his trip while they sat on the couch, or near the fire. Later that month they’d go and visit Phil’s son and grandson (and Ranboo was still VERY excited about the concept of people being able to change their gender at whim) for a birthday party and Ranboo would meet back up with his friends again afterwards. And then later that year, Phil and Techno would likely leave Ranboo alone for a little while as they investigated some new rumors about one of the monarchies Puffy frequented. But for right then, he sat in his room, and pet his cat.

End Notes

Thanks to those who're stickin' around!

And, as always, your thoughts/concrit/comments are appreciated <3

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